

# SPORTS

## A Walk Up Manoa Valley

By Jack Densham.

Instead of going to the league grounds and watching the ball games on Sunday—though far be it from me to detract from the gate receipts—take a friend who can tell you the names of plants and trees, go to the end of the Manoa car line, and then begin to hike.

You very soon forget that you are walking. The mere movement of your legs is forgotten and the brain of your does all the active work in taking in the beauty, the softness, the ruggedness, the incomparable coloring of the views. It is not a case of one view nor of twenty views, but, without exaggeration, a thousand views.

After leaving the car line the road dips down into a rough following of the curve of the westerly hill-side. Down in the hollow it is warm, yea, hot; and the rampant growth of green things and the buzz of insects makes you think of Bad Kissingen in August.

But this does not last long. You soon climb up a short ascent onto the main road (superior to the spirit of the mountains preserve us), and then there is a chance to pause and look around. The pause is good for the pores, and no pun intended, and the look around is good for your soul. At this point the hills are just beginning to be awesome. The hollow of the valley's end, where the hillsides close in and dare you to climb them, is green as the vale of Eden and silver streaks of dropping waterfalls challenge the clouds to fade away and let them shimmer in the sunshine.

Looking back the other way, the hills kindly fall away to give old Mother Ocean a chance. And there she is. With a horizon keenly marked to keep the loving skies away from "green girdled" breasts, she lies smiling in the soft glow of tropic sunlight.

And oh, how kindly she is. How she calls to the roving in a man's heart, how she beckons to you to come out and know the joy of the very feel of her waters and how she shows her glistening teeth where the breakers roll over the reef, a lively menace for those who know not her kindness.

It is a great view of the sweet Pacific and all the more charming for the framework of green slopes and blue sky. Standing out in bold relief is the turret of the Moana Hotel, a vivid reminder that man leaves his mark wherever he goes.

### Cool Shadows Beyond.

Then you turn your back on Mother Ocean and walk along the road that skirts the westerly hill-side. Ever drawing you on is the shadow of the spirit of coolness. The steep slopes in front of you are green and the halting clouds above vary the shadowy struggling vehemently before they melt before the attacks of old man Sol.

And then you begin to take notice of the plants and trees that live and sigh on every side of you. There is

a man walking with you who knows all about plants and insects and he stops you and points out what he calls the "clinging splendor of the virgin leaf." You ask him what a virgin leaf is and he tells you that it is one that has just unfolded and is unsullied by the touch of dust and has not been wilted by the sunshine.

He tries to explain the inner consciousness of the arrangement of the growing things, but this does not bother you very much for you are too much taken up with the changeableness of it all. On the left the hill slopes upward steeply, it is a light green where it leaves the road and grows darker and darker as it nears the summit where a fringe of shadow trees outline the sierra of the hill-tops.

To the right the ground drops away to where the waterfalls have fed a laughing stream and the foliage here is rank and very variegated. Occasionally you pass small plantations of vegetables and sometimes of flowers. Then you stop and look and wish that they could be taken up bodily and put down in the middle of Honolulu.

### Valley's End the Best.

But the best of all is when you begin to reach the end of the valley and the road winds in and out so that you cross the stream, that gurgles at the bottom of the valley, many times. Here there are some trees growing along the edge of the water and they have a vivid cherry blossom. I don't know what they are and the botanist who helped to admire could only enlighten with long scientific words. A name occurred to me and I put down "Drooping cherry bloom." It does droop. It droops so that the color falls onto the rocks that line the stream and impossible splashes of color stand out boldly against the dull grey of the rocks and the quiet brown of the stream.

There is one place where the road crosses the stream that, were Whittle to paint it (and I believe he is one man who has a real grasp of Hawaiian coloring), and send it to the Coast, they would laugh at him. But it is there and there for anybody who has the energy to walk that far to see.

As the road nears the end of the valley, foliage becomes thicker. Chinese small farmers are growing bananas there but the middling green of the large leaves only make an effective background for the riot of other greens that line the banks of the stream. Above the water's edge all kinds of shy little flowers peep out. There is one that we knew as the scarlet pimpernel at home, there are others that look very much like forget-me-nots and there are others that nobody cares about the names of them because they peep out so shyly and would be insulted if you stopped to put them into a botanical category.

### Roast Pig and a Swim.

It would take a long time to search

the upper end of the valley for all the delights that are uncovered for the willing tramp, but we were in luck, for a Hawaiian resident of that part of the world hailed us and said that he was just cooking a pig.

The sound of cooked pig was a live one but much better was the secret of a swimming pool that he disclosed. Steep banks slope down to a rectangular turn in the stream where big rocks confine the waters in a long and wide pool. To dive, to swim, to play around like the crazies of water-sprites and then to eat roast pig. To sit in a little cottage with one door opening up the view of the ocean and the window at the back admitting the close touch of the mountains. What more do you want? Then our host harnessed a good horse to a buggy and drove us back to the car-line.

The answer is to take a walk up Manoa valley at the first opportunity, to take a botanical guide along and to have a friend with roast pig ready for you when you get there.

## GUARDS AND CAVALRY WIN

In the two games at the league park yesterday afternoon the Fifth Cavalry and N. G. H. both came out ahead very easily. The boys from Leilehua put it over the slabs from Fort Shafter in the first game by 7 to 2, and the Guards handed it to the Marines by 11 to 1.

There was a large and enthusiastic crowd present, and the two games were thoroughly enjoyed by the rosters. Sergeant Barry's forecast that no Marine would reach second base was not fulfilled, but very nearly so, as the score by which the twice-a-year boys won was large enough to satisfy anybody.

The next game in the Military League will be played on Wednesday at Aala Park, and will be between the Marines and Fort Shafter.

The following were the official scores:

CAVALRY	ABRBHSPPOAE
Shepherd, 1b	4 2 1 1 9 0 0
Groninger, 3b	5 1 1 1 1 1 0
Walters, ss	5 1 2 0 3 1 0
Hanson, cf	5 1 1 1 2 0 0
Butler, p	5 0 3 0 1 2 1
Bates, 2b	5 1 1 0 3 3 0
Hartley, c	5 0 2 1 7 3 0
Harris, rf	4 0 1 0 0 0 0
Niess, lf	2 1 0 0 0 0 0
Rollins, if	1 0 0 0 1 0 0
Totals	41 7 13 4 27 10 1

SHAFER	ABRBHSPPOAE
Moran, p-3b	4 0 1 1 2 3 2
McCall, ss	4 1 1 1 1 2 1
Lemmon, 2b	4 1 2 3 2 3 1
Bateman, c	3 0 0 0 8 2 0
Kistler, cf	3 0 0 0 1 0 0
Durant, 3b	4 0 0 0 2 0 3
Gongol, rf	2 0 0 0 0 0 0
Ellis, lf	2 0 0 0 8 1 0
Glenn, if	2 0 0 0 1 1 0
Ramsey, p	2 0 0 0 2 2 0
Totals	30 2 4 5 27 14 7

Two-base hits, Walters, Butler 2; hit by pitcher, Shepherd, Gongol; wild throw, Durant; bases on balls, off Butler 4; struck out, by Butler 7, Moran 3; by Ramsey 3; sacrifice hit, Bateman; double plays, Lemmon to McCall to Glenn, Ramsey to Ellis. Umpire, E. Fernandez; scorer, W. Tin Chong.

N. G. H.	ABRBHSPPOAE
Bushnell, p	4 0 0 0 1 1 0
Kaai, cf	4 1 1 0 1 0 0
Lota, 3b	5 1 1 1 0 2 0
Lemon, ss	5 2 2 1 3 3 2
Sumner, rf	4 2 1 2 1 0 0
Soares, c	4 2 1 0 8 0 0
Kaia, 2b	3 1 0 0 2 2 0
Burns, if	4 1 1 0 1 0 0
Marcellino, 1b	2 1 0 1 1 1 0
Totals	35 11 7 5 27 12 2

U. S. M. C.	ABRBHSPPOAE
Thompson, rf	4 0 1 0 1 0 0
Hayes, cf	4 0 0 0 0 0 0
Williams, 1b	3 1 2 1 9 1 0
Gaw, ss	4 0 2 1 0 2 1
Call, 3b	4 0 0 0 0 3 2
R. Davis, 2b	4 0 1 0 2 1 1
Gibson, lf	3 0 1 0 2 1 0
Anderson, c	0 0 0 0 5 1 0
Hines, p	3 0 0 0 2 4 1
Davis, c	3 0 0 0 6 1 0
Totals	32 1 7 2 27 14 5

N. G. H.	ABRBHSPPOAE
B. H.	0 2 1 1 0 0 0
U. S. M. C.	1 0 0 0 0 0 0
B. H.	2 0 1 1 0 0 2

Two-base hit, Lemon; balk, Hines; bases on balls, off Bushnell 1, Hines 5; struck out, by Bushnell 5, Hines 5; pitch, Hines; sacrifice hits, Bushnell, Gibson; double play, Lemon to Kaai to Marcellino. Umpire, E. Fernandez; scorer, W. Tin Chong.

N. G. H.	ABRBHSPPOAE
B. H.	0 2 1 1 0 0 0
U. S. M. C.	1 0 0 0 0 0 0
B. H.	2 0 1 1 0 0 2

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## HILO RODS AND GUNS FORM CLUB

A rod and gun club with the very exclusive membership limited to ten members has been formed in Hilo. The object of the club is to have fun fishing and shooting on Saturdays and, perhaps, Sundays.

A very facetious story on the front page of the Hawaii Herald tells much about fish stories, but does not give very much news with regard to the club except to state that the following are members: W. S. Wise, president; Dr. Schoening, vice president; E. E. Richards, secretary; H. Patten, treasurer; and the other members, Dr. Grace, R. J. Lyman, J. D. Easton, E. N. Deyo, R. E. Balding and O. T. Shipman.

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## GILL'S TEAM WINS STEINS

There were big doings at the Country Club links yesterday. One of the prominent golfers of Honolulu stated yesterday that he had never seen such fine weather, the greens in such good condition, nor so many enthusiasts turn out for a tournament.

No fewer than thirty golfers registered their names at 10 o'clock for the team play. Being so many it was decided to divide the entries into five teams of six men each. Number 2 team, captained by T. Gill, won the tournament with a score of 18. Number 4 was second, with 14; Number 3 was third, with 13; Number 1 was fourth, with 10; and Number 5 was fifth, with 7.

The team play was by way of a novelty, and was greatly enjoyed by all the players. Each captain chose his players in turn, and the wisdom of the different choosings was well shown in the results, as the last team was really close up to the first one, taking the individual scores, although, of course, the net results do not show just how close some of the finishes were.

The official results were as follows:

Team 2.	Matches Won.
T. Gill (capt.)	4
H. H. Walker	2
F. W. Kiebahn	2
H. A. Walker	3
S. Beardmore	2
Dr. A. Irwin	3
Total	16

Team 4.	Matches Won.
Frank Halstead (capt.)	2
Harry Wilder	2
C. E. Edmunds	3
O. L. Sorenson	2
A. F. Judd	2
M. Phillips	3
Total	14

Team 5.	Matches Won.
E. O. White (capt.)	1
J. C. Evans	2
H. Babson	2
W. C. Wilder	0
J. D. McInerney	4
Clifford Kimball	2
Total	13

Team 1.	Matches Won.
Austin White (capt.)	1
Wm. Simpson	2
J. D. Gaines	2
A. F. Ewart	3
Jas. Fenwick	1
F. L. Waldron	1
Total	10

Team 3.	Matches Won.
Geo. Angus (capt.)	2
J. O. Young	0
H. C. Carter	2
E. J. Waterman	1
H. D. M. Cobb	1
H. Gray	1
Total	7

## Yachting Notes

C. T. Wilder is another enthusiast who is building his own sea wren. He is having success with his work and will finish the planking before long.

Yachting and fishing took a big revival yesterday. There were more than forty ladies out with the different yachtsmen and fishermen; and they all came back saying that they had had a good time and did not care whether they got sunburned or not.

Captain Miller took a large party out on the Mokoli'i yesterday. The gallant yacht was headed for Pearl Harbor, and those on board had a fine time and all expressed themselves as certain that the big excursion to Pearl Harbor on May 9 would be a great success.

Messrs. Robinson and Harris took a canoe and went fishing off the Moana Hotel yesterday afternoon. They made a good catch and are now inquiring the best antidote for sunburn.

The Kamehameha went out as chaperon to the Charlotte C. George Crozier's new yawl, yesterday afternoon, and the latter showed up even better than on her trial spin. Off Diamond Head the two yachts made a leg to windward together, and there was a very pretty impromptu race that was watched eagerly by a bunch of yachtsmen at Waikiki. The latter trooped up on to the roof of the Moana Hotel and kept their glasses focused on the sloop and the yawl for some time. It was impossible to say who had the better of it, owing to the distance.

Howard Bowen had his new elongated sea wren out again yesterday. The little two-cycle engine worked to perfection and the new craft roused much admiration from those who watched her skim out of the harbor.

The first of the real sea wrens is well near completion in Mr. Bowen's private workshop. At the rate that the work is going on now, all the sea wrens will be ready long before the first races in August.

Something new in the way of a tender has been built by a local yachtsman. It is a ten-foot dory with light planking and is so easily handled that it can be dragged on to the deck of a very small launch.

Captain Neely is getting along well with his sea wren, which he is building himself in spare hours. He has evolved a method of fastening the stern-post to the main keelson that is worth looking into by any of the yachtsmen who are building their own small sailers.

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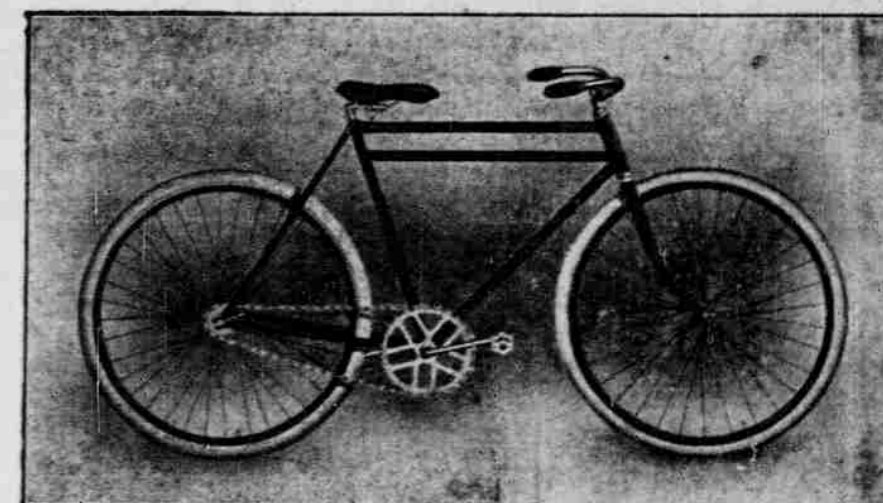
The frame is made of one-inch seamless steel tubing, and a glance will show that the lines are as fine as could be designed.

The enamel and nickel are applied with great care, making a durable as well as attractive finish.

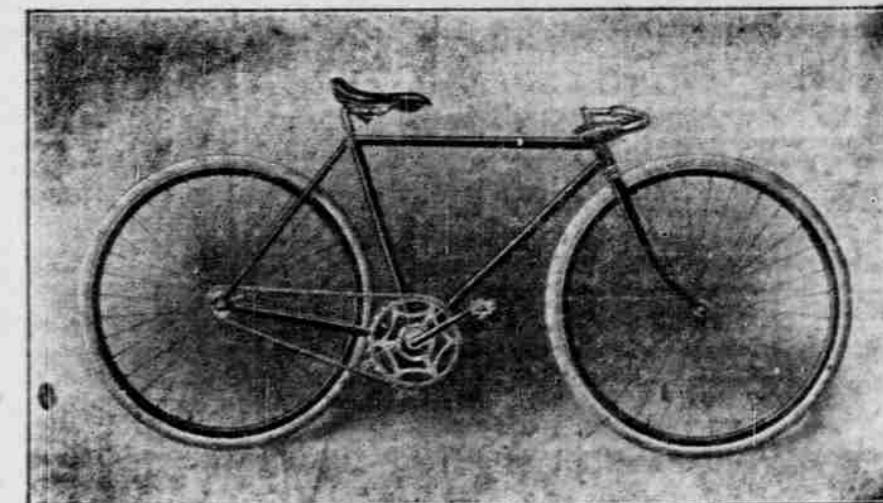
The limited space in this advertisement forbids an extended description of the Sterling Bicycles, but we shall be pleased to furnish any further details on request. We would, however, impress upon the reader that in these bicycles we offer machines that cannot be equalled at the price.



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